

THREEPENCE



EVERY FRIDAY

EAGLE

MAY 1950 No. 4

DAN DARE PILOT OF THE FUTURE



IN THE REMOTE WASTES OF SPACE PROFITS THE WRECK OF THE KINGFISHER BLOWN APART IN THE LATEST ATTEMPT TO REACH VENUS, THE MYSTERY PLANET.

BACK ON THE EARTH SIR HILBERT GUEST CONTROLLER OF THE SPACE FLEET AND DAN DARE, CHIEF PILOT ARE FLYING IN A HELICOPTER TO AN EMERGENCY CABINET MEETING.....

I'VE GOT A THEORY SIR!

WELL, LET'S HAVE IT DAN—ONLY IT HAD BETTER BE GOOD!

YOU MEAN YOU KNOW WHAT'S CAUSING THE SHIPS BLOWN UP?

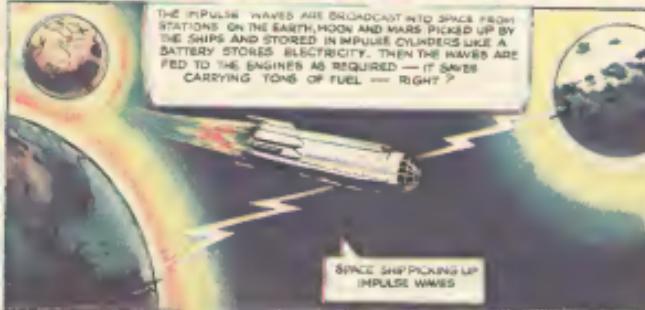


RIGHT—KINGERFISHER WAS POWERED WITH IMPULSE WAVE ENGINES, WASN'T SHE?

OF COURSE SHE WAS, DAN LIVED EVERY SPACE SHIP FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS



THE IMPULSE WAVES ARE BROADCAST INTO SPACE FROM STATIONS ON THE EARTH, MOON AND MARS PICKED UP BY THE SHIPS AND STORED IN IMPULSE CYLINDERS, WHICH ARE BATTERY STORES ELECTRICITY. THEN THE WAVES ARE FED TO THE ENGINES AS REQUIRED — IT SAVES CARRYING TONS OF FUEL — RIGHT?



YES DAN AND CHA-T SPELLS CAT, WHAT'S THE POINT OF THIS ELEMENTARY LESSON?



WELL, ALL THREE SHIPS
THE ORION, "ARGONAUT"
AND KINGFISHER WENT
WEST AT THE SAME
DISTANCE FROM
VENUS

YES...WE
KNOW THAT
BUT...

AND D'YOU REMEMBER
WHAT THAT CREWMAN
SHOUTED IN THE "KING-
FISHER" JUST BEFORE
SHE BLEW UP?

HE SAID "IT'S IN THE
IMPULSE CYLINDERS"

WELL, WHAT
OF IT?

DON'T YOU SEE?
THESE MUST BE A
SHIELD ROUND VENUS
A SHIELD

YES-A SHIELD - SOME
KIND OF RAY WHICH IS
HOSTILE TO OUR IMPULSE
WAVES!

I SUPPOSE
THERE COULD
BE...

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT
WOULD HAPPEN WHEN A SHIP
HIT THE QM FIELD CARRYING A
HUGE LOAD OF IMPULSE
WAVES IN ITS CYLINDERS?

YES BY GEORGE!
—JUST WHAT DID
HAPPEN TO KINGFISHER?

IF WE RESTRUCTURE ONE
OF THE OLD ROCKET SHIPS, CARRYING ITS
OWN FUEL AND WITHOUT ANY IMPULSE WAVE
MECHANISM I'LL BET
TEN TO ONE IT GETS
THROUGH!

LIMIT'S A
CHANCE ANYWAY,
AND ANY CHANCE
IS WORTH TRYING.
WELL, DO IT,
DAN!

BUT WELL,
BUILD NEW
ROCKET SHIPS
FOR THE
JOURNEY
ON THE NEXT
TRIP TO VENUS!

RIGHT SIR — AND
AFTER THAT BRAIN
STORM I DON'T
THINK YOU CAN
BRING ME WITH YOU
ON THE NEXT
TRIP TO VENUS!

AND SO, AT BREAKNECK SPEED, PLANS ARE
RUSHED AHEAD FOR A NEW ATTEMPT TO
REACH VENUS, USING ROCKET SHIPS TO GO
THROUGH THE DANGER ZONE

WELL, THERE'S THE FIRST
ONE, SIR HUGERT — THREE
HOURS FROM DRAWING
BOARD TO FINISHED SHIP
& YOU'VE HALF KILLED THE
CONSTRUCTION BRANCH

DO 'EM GOOD TIME.
THEY DID SOME WORK.
WHAT'D YOU THINK
OF HER, DAN?

ONLY ONE WAY TO
FIND OUT SIR — LET'S
TAKE HER UP.

BEE CAREFUL, DAN —
SHE'S HAD NO
ROUTING TESTS
YET!

WE'LL TAKE A
CHANCE

CONTINUED

The Adventures of P.C. 49

FROM THE FAMOUS RADIO
series by ALAN STRAKES

WHILE P.C. 49
IS AT HOSPITAL
LISTENING TO
JIMMY'S STORY,
JOAN IS AT
COFFEE DAN'S
ANXIOUSLY
AWAITING NEWS



CONTINUED

PLOT AGAINST THE WORLD

by Chad Varah

The story so far

Ray, a former multi-fighter pilot and now a member of a secret organization called "The Praevarians," is trying to extract a statement from a gang which steals and sells atomic secrets. Jim, Ray's contact, found the statement in the cellar of a house owned by Jack and June. June was dead, and Dick Rawlings, the head of Air Force Intelligence, goes to fetch the statement but finds the cellar empty, and Jim is kidnapped by the gang.

Then Ray and Dick sit in a jaguar, chase the gangsters driving a saloon. Morris and Red Pug fire on the car as it runs over. They take her to the basement and make her run up a pile of rubble and reach out the basement door. They are Jim, who has found a time bomb planted by the gang, running towards the house. There is a terrible explosion. The jaguar's car is blown to bits and the fire spreads to the nearby basement houses.

Chapter 4

The secret of the cellar

FOR a moment Dick and Ray lay stunned. Then, as the two policemen rushed forward, they staggered to their feet, and Dick grabbed the fire-extinguisher from the undamaged Jagmar.

Ray snatched it from him, yelling, "Get off the fire-trap!" and ran as fast as he could across the rubbish-littered ground towards the burning walls.

"Two of us, if they had Jim in the car, and three or four of them," groaned Ray, as he leapt over a pile of rubble and reached the road. "How long will it be before we get a stop to it all?"

One of the policemen had managed to get the extinguisher from the wreckage car, and was gripping his hands in the process, and he and Ray tackled the blaze from opposite sides whilst the other policeman tried to pull the fire-hose clear. Ray kept his eyes on the job he would soon be finished with, and Jim where the saloon was out.

"Your pal gone for the fire-engine?" shouted the cop who was holding the hot extinguisher firmly in his blistered hands.

"Yes. We may get this under, but we can't save the houses."

"They don't matter—they're dan for demolition anyway," called the policeman.

Ray didn't answer. The gangsters had gone to such lengths to keep people away from their hide-out that he felt certain there was something important there. He didn't want whatever it was to be destroyed by the fire if suddenly occurred to him that perhaps the house with the cellar wasn't empty after all. His friend the science scientist might have been moved from the cellar to the roof.

Leaving the two policemen in their grueling task amongst the charred and smoking remains of the car, he started at the door of the house, searched at the knothole, and plunged through into the smoke-filled passage.

Strongly enough, the fire in that house had started in the upper storey, but it was rapidly spreading downwards. Ray shouted, "Tod,



Tod!" but there was no response, and he slipped into a fit of coughing.

He dropped to his knees and pressed his chest against the floor, frantically breathing the clean air above as he knew he would find there. Again the noise of the fire became louder. He began to clutch the stones on hands and knees, keeping his head low and banging it on every step.

As he reached the top, showers of plumes fell on him from the ceiling.

He went to each room in turn, beginning at the back of the house, but found no one. A blinding beam crashed down from the roof, accompanied by a host of broken tiles and more plaster. The beam just missed him, and he managed to push it aside with his foot and edge past it. He reached the front room and then a whole tangled mass of burning timber fell into the well of the stairs and blocked his retreat.

He could hear regular heavy thuds from below, and knew that the downstairs rooms would be filled with the rest of the downstairs rooms. He shut the door against the flames, and started his way to the staircase. The ceiling of the room was already beginning to bulge. The explosion had loosened the boards with which the window-opening had been nailed up, but they had been put on from the inside and it was difficult to tear them away.

He had made an opening big enough to get his head and shoulders through when the fire-engines came down with a crash. At the same moment, he heard the enormous roar that had fallen upon his ears—the crashing of the bell on the fire-engine.

He leaped out of the window, gulping in deep breaths of the clear air of early dawn, and kicking backwards like a mule to try to keep the burning debris from him. The fire-engine screeched to a stop below the window, and a fireman was running madly up a ladder while it was still being extended towards the window. He felt himself dragged out by strong and skilful hands and a few seconds later he was lying on the road.

He turned his head towards the house he had left. Houses were already pluming up with a great hissing and spattering. The firemen would probably set on the ground floor, or part of it. Then he looked along the street and saw a group of men. The motocycle cop was among them, and out of the hole popped a toasted ham. It was Jim.

Two men ran forward and pulled the boy up. He came running to Ray, who stood up shakily and put his arms round him.

"I thought you were dead, Jimmy," he said chokingly.

"Now you know what it feels like," mumbled Jim, sniffing back a few tears. "For two years I thought you were dead. It was awful."

He wiped his nose on the back of his hand, and his lip trembled.

"I'm sorry, old chap," said Ray. "I ought to have told you. I didn't realize it would hit you so hard when I let it be thought it was dead."

Jim turned away.

"It was bad for me, what do you think it was like for Aunt Em?" He held his heart where she was reported dead. Ray. "It was that that killed her. How could you be in her dad without knowing? I don't care how important it is."

"I didn't," said Ray quietly. "She knew all the time. That's why she wouldn't agree to a Memorial Service for me. And it wasn't a broken heart my mother died of. It was cancer. That's another desdash thing our chaps are going to beat—perhaps before we've beaten war."

Jim gagged at him.

"You mean Aunt Em knew? She had it jolly well. Mind you, everybody said she was wonderfully calm, but you never suspected that you. Did she tell my Mom?"

"Just until she was dying herself."

Jim still looked troubled.

"All the same," he muttered, "she had the right to see you when she was an ill. It wasn't fair to—"

"I saw her whenever I was in England," interrupted Ray, "and I was with her an hour before she died."

"What was she wearing?"

"Oh!" Ray's eyes narrowed. "So you're testing me, are you? I thought you said you trusted me!"

Jim stuck out his lob obviously and kicked at the ground, hanging his head.

A man in a tattered suit and grabby mack-cum-up and tattered cap has on the shoulder.

"I wasn't dressed with you, sir," he said.

"I'm a police officer. I wanted to believe that you knew something about this explosion. Would you care to tell me about it?"

"Are you arresting me?" asked Jim fearfully.

"Not at the moment. You're not bound to make any statement, but—"

"I'd rather not say anything, then."

"In that case, I must ask you to come along with me to the Police Station."

"All right," whispered Jim.

MAY I say a word, officer?" asked Ray hopefully.

"Certainly."

"I'm sure you haven't done anything,"

wanted him, and if you know anything about the explosion I think you should tell the police."

"You do, do you?" Jim still wouldn't look at Ray.

"You remember what your Aunt Em said to you the day she died?"

Jim jerked his head up, and his eyes searched his cousin's face.

"Yes," he said. "I remember."

"She said, 'Be a good lad, Jim, and do your duty however hard it may be, then you'll have nothing to fear.' She was warning the bed-jacket your mother isn't her."

The trouble faded from Jim's face, and he returned Ray's smile. Then he turned to the plain clothes man.

"I'll tell you, sir," he said. "I was sleeping at Jim's house, and he was downstairs on the stairs, or so I thought. I woke up in the night and went down to find Jim, but he wasn't there, and there was a mistake he



should have been. It was tickling, and there was a loop of wire hanging out of it, and I thought it was a time-bomb."

"Had you any reason to think anyone would want to blow the house up?"

Jim was conscious without looking at him that Ray was hanging on his reply.

"I never imagined anyone could be so wicked as to kill innocent people like that," he said truthfully. "Anyways, I thought it was a bomb, and I was scared. I was right. I picked it up and ran out of the house, meaning to change course when I heard the middle of the bomb-sound" "when it would do no harm. But I ran into a policeman."

"We know about that," put in the officer. "Why didn't you let him have it with it?"

"I told him what it was."

"But you didn't mean how to behave you, did you?"

"No, sir," admitted Jim. "Well, it wasn't a very nice thing to wish on anyone, was it?"

"It was his duty to hold the baby," not yours."

"Well, I thought it was mine, as I'd found it, so I just stayed."

The two policemen exchanged glances.

I don't know whether you deserve a medal or a good hazing, young feller-me-lad," said the officer. "But where did you get to after we chased you?"

"I tripped up and knocked myself out," answered Jim, rubbing his head rudely. "I don't know how long I lay there, but when I came round the things was tickling in my ear. I wasn't half scared, I can tell you."

"So would I have been?" said Ray.

"So I grabbed him again, and ran on, and was just going to cross the road then" (he pointed at the place) "when a grey car nearly knocked me down. Again I was going to cross, when another car came the opposite way and tried to ram into first. It stopped when it is now—or what's left of it—and a man with a gun jumped out."

"How many men were in the car?" snarped the detective.

"Three, I think. I'm not sure."

"No one you knew?" asked Ray. He spoke casually, but slowly and distinctly.

Jim shook his head, and Ray let out his breath.

"The man saw me and I thought he was going to shoot. I dropped the suitcase and lifted the first envelope cover and got down the hill. I just put the cover over my head and there was a firework explosion, and the whole place shook. I fell right down into the cellar, and as I heard a sound like—like flames, and such burning, I stayed where I was. There was a door at the top of the cellar steps, but it was still locked."

"Self?" queried the policeman.

"The explosion hadn't hurt it open," explained Jim hurriedly. "Then when everything seemed safe—I'd heard the fire-engine I came out, and here I am."

"So I say," commanded the detective dryly. "Well, you've had a lucky escape, young man. I shall want to ask you a lot more questions yet, but you ought to be in bed after the night you've had. If I let Rawlings take you home, will you promise not to try to avoid me?"

"Yes, sir."

Neither Ray nor Jim had noticed Dick, leaning patiently against the Jaguar, and brooding sombrely over the wreck of the Morris. As the detective called Dick over, Jim responded to Ray "low-key ma-hay".

The detective turned to him.

"When did you..." he asked.

"I went to sleep," said Jim.

"Now, let's you come 'on' we me," stated Dick. "We don't want ya bloo worried, now do ya?"

As Jim climbed into the Jaguar, Ray called out.

"You won't be running us for a bit, will you, Dick?"

Dick took the hand...

"No. Get yourself somewhere that, then ye can come round me 'fiddin' you daecharous job."

The Jaguar drove off.

"I went to see Rawlings together, later," said the plump clothes man. "Mmehhah, thanks for picking up our chaps."

"How's the one that was injured?" asked Ray.

"He'll be all right. All is a night's work. Spooky lad, that youngster. You know him, don't you?"

"He happens to be my cousin."

"Hooray! Strange coincidence."

"Yes, sir!"

The policeman wandered off to give some instructions about the corpses. Other policemen were forming away rubber-necks who had been attracted to the scene even at that early hour of the morning. Firemen were prebbering over the ruins of the houses, somewhat damaged by German bombs, chipping out smouldering timber with their hammers and searching amongst the debris.

RAY scolded nonchalantly towards the entrance hole. The cover was still off. Waiting his opportunity, he slid unobserved down the chute, and scrambled as quickly as he could down the heap of coal and into the further cellar.

"Ho-way say-bey," Jim had said. Well, here was the witness. When had the boy disappeared? He'd be wounded here after the explosion? He'd go plenty of grins to go, going around with the house burning above him, anyway?

The boys were actually stane statues or compartments built against the wall. There were an upper and a lower row, eight on all, each about a cube yard in size. As Ray flicked on his lighter he saw the one as which his friend Ted, the atomic scientist,

had been stashed, for the dust as it met near it had been scuffed.

He knelt down and passed into the box. There seemed to be some smudges on the left-hand side. He squatted on the box and scrutinized them closely. The marks were very faintish. If Ted had been tied up (and he had been tied to make them with his nose (and Ray's own nose matched in sympathy as he saw the roughness of the surface).

Ted had left a message:

Ray held the little fizzle of his lighter close to his hand, and with difficulty made out the half-burnt letters. The message said THE LONG IS OF THEM NO MA E!

What the earth could I mean?" "LONG" was short for "ONE", it didn't make sense. Ted would never suggest that the Lord was on the side of that gang of crooks they were working against! Unless he meant some person who had the role "Lord"? And whoever was "NO MA E"? Sounded Chinese.

Must be some sort of a code, decided Ray. He was in no state to cope with such puzzles, so he memorised the message carefully and prepared to leave the cellar.

The flag which formed the back of the box was also burned, but wouldn't move. The other end was still enough clear of the rest of it. After a struggle he managed to pull the vertical flag-staff in horizontal position. Just fit on his stomach he illuminated the opening with his lighter.

At the back of the cavity was a strong wooden box, so wide that it was obvious it would only just go through the opening. He tried to gain his fingers underneath it, but it was as heavy as lead.

Lead? He knew one important use of lead! He felt an instant as if he'd made it! Then this was a box lined with lead and containing some radioactive or fissile material! By gosh, they'd be keeping back for the all right! Not the ones who'd been in the car, he thought grimly, but others of the gang. Well, they wouldn't need it here.

He crawled forward and thrust his arm into the cavity, trying to get a grip on the back of the box. He bent and sagged in the effort to move it, but in vain. In the course of his struggle he arched his back, and before he knew what was happening the stone swung into place again and trapped his arm. The pain was agonising, and he let out an involuntary yell. Then, realising that he was jammed in such a position that he couldn't release himself, he yelled on purpose.

The only answer he got was the muffled clangor of a bell as the fire-engine drove away. Not so long ago that same sound had seemed to him like sweet music. Now it was pain like a knife. He was trapped!

would undoubtedly have been run over and killed had this for Uncle's sake. He knew when they had done to Kew. At the last moment, they had lied at the risk of their own lives to raze the houses on which he and Dick were chasing them, and they'd done everything in their power to these off gammon before returning to this office.

All because of a message they could have nabbed off in two ticks? Not likely!

He would have to go and ask. Jen what it was that he had found. He hoped he could get to Jen's house without being stopped.

He sat for a moment on the nearest shelf.

It gave a little.

A hand was holding, he leapt off, and grasped the shelf. It was broken. Again it moved, and as the front of the board went down, the back went up by an equal amount. It was pivoted on the ceiling.

Quickly he tried the other shelves. None of them budged as such.

He returned to the one that moved. It took him some time to realise what was the point of it. Then, squatting on his haunches and gazing at the slab while feeling the back salt of the box with his other hand, he found the answer.

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(To be continued next week)

CAPTAIN PUGWASH

PIRATES ARE FREE
ON THE TANK OF
A SHIP WHICH
ME AND FRIENDLY
RESCUED FROM
SMALLER THAN
MIS OWN....



CRICKET COACHING BY LEARIE CONSTANTINE

THIS WEEK... ON DRIVE and

ALL ALONG THE GROUND.
NOTICE THE TOE POINTING TOWARDS THE BALL.



IF ON DRIVE TO BE LIFTED
RIGHT SHOULDER DROPS.



FOLLOW-



THROUGH

BACK DEFENSIVE STROKES.

BALL WIDE
OF OFF STUMP
—LEAVE ALONE.



DEAD BAT
BALL ON OFF STUMP
NOTICE RIGHT FOOT BACK AND ACROSS WICKET



BALL ON WICKET



MORE HURRIED
LESS BACK LIFT

(CUT BUT TRY CRICKET AND KEEP CRICKET)

NEXT WEEK:
LATE CUT.

REAL LIFE MYSTERIES



THE UNKNOWN RIVER

A number of wealthy and patriotic Englishmen founded the Royal Society in the year 1780. The purpose of the Society was to explore the unknown interior of Africa.

In 1791, the Society heard strange stories of a great river that flowed through the heart of West Africa. They named this legendary river the Niger and decided to find someone prepared to discover if it actually existed.

The volunteer chosen by the Society was 36-year-old Mungo Park, a tall and handsome Scottish doctor.

Park began his quest on 3 December, 1795. Alone he walked inland from the West Coast. His outward journey took seven months and he tramped 750 miles across deserts, swamps and fever-choked rivers. He was robbed of everything except the ragged clothes he wore, was taken prisoner by Arab slave-traders, escaped, and nearly died of hunger and thirst.

But he found the river in July, 1796, trudged along its banks for another 400 miles, then turned round and struggled back to the coast.

Ten years later, Park again landed in West Africa. New fat mission was to reach the Niger, sail down it (a voyage of 1,500 miles) and discover where the great river entered the sea. This time Park had an escort of three Englishmen and thirty-five British soldiers. Park and four others reached the Niger in



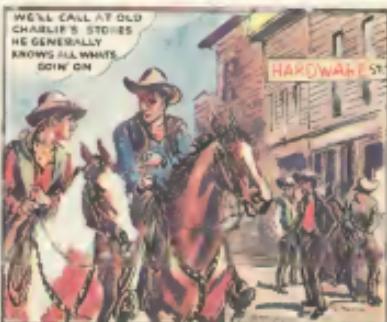
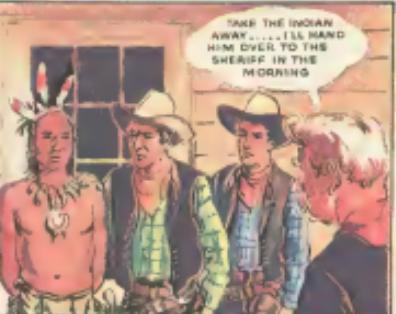
August. The rest of the men had died or been lost on the way. They procured a 40-foot canoe, named it *H.M.S. Joliba*, and gallantly sailed off down the river. Before embarking they sent back a letter to the coast.

That was the last ever heard of Mungo Park. He and his companion vanished. It is known that they covered 800 miles and were then probably attacked and killed.

But only the mighty Niger River knows the fate of Mungo Park, the Scottish explorer.

SETH AND SHORTY - COWBOYS

A captured
Redskin has
told of a
"Mystery
Man"
leading the
Indians and
planning to
drive out
the Rangers



TO BE CONTINUED

THE FIRST FOUR-JET AIR-LINER IN THE WORLD



THE NEW DE HAVILLAND "COMET" AS IT MIGHT APPEAR WHEN IN PASSENGER SERVICE

KEY TO NUMBERS

1. Retractable aerial.
2. Captain.
3. First officer.
4. Radio operator.
5. Flight engineer.
6. Navigator.
7. Cabin attendant.
8. Kitchen.
9. New landing wheels (retractable).
10. Forward baggage hold.
11. "Rudder" stabilizer.
12. Rearward baggage hold.
13. Forward passenger compartment.
14. Double skin for temperature and sound insulation for high flying.
15. All passenger equipment.
16. Ladies' lavatory.
17. Men's lavatory.
18. Baggage compartment.
19. Passenger entrance door.
20. Air luggage hold.
21. De Havilland "CHIEF" Gas Turbine Engine.
22. Air silencer.
23. Centrifugal air compressor.
24. Combustion chambers.
25. Turbine wheel driving air compressor.
26. Jet pipe.

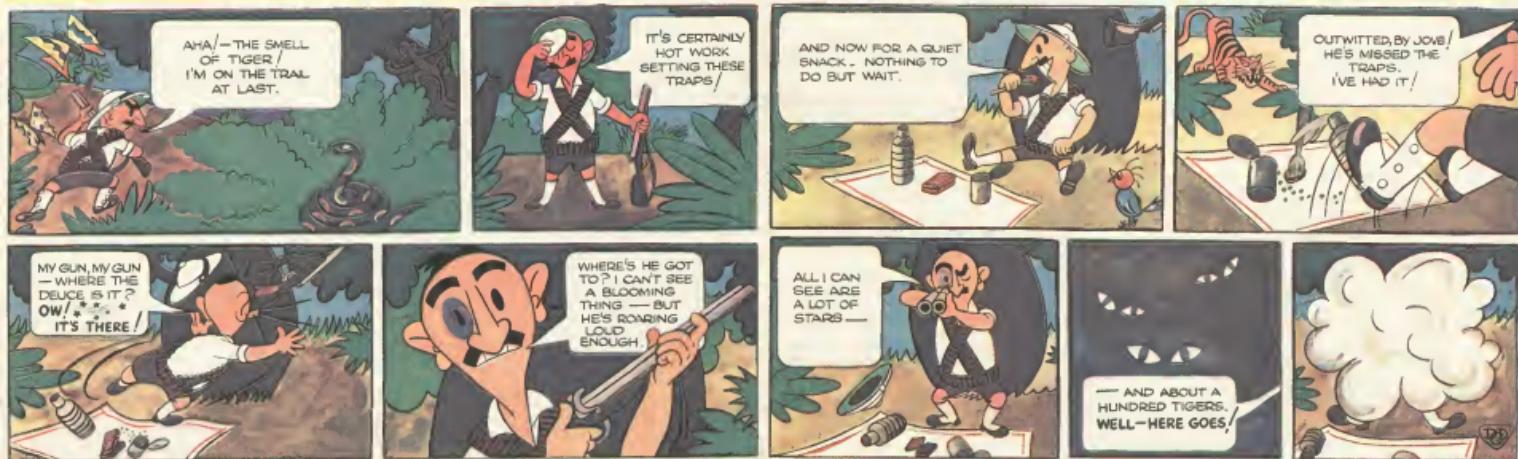
5,000 lb. static thrust.

LAWRENCE
LWOOD

SKIPPY THE KANGAROO

BY DANET, DUBRISAY, GENESTRE

AN ANDRE SARROU PRODUCTION



HEROES OF THE CLOUDS



MANSON LES DICK IN INDONESIA
YOU HAVE ALREADY HEARD TAD
WHO HAS DESCRIBED THE PHANTOM
BALLOON FLIGHTS. THIS WEEK
I'M GIVING YOU A PREVIEW OF
THE LATEST JET-PISTON!
WHEN I'M ABOUT TO TAKE
UP ON A TEST FLIGHT FOR
THE FIRST TIME, HERE
SHE IS!

Presenting the PHANTOM

IF SHE LIVES UP TO OUR
EXPECTATIONS, DICK WILL
LEAD THE WORLD
IN THE DESIGN OF JET
PROPILED FIGHTER
AIRCRAFT!

DICK HAS A LAST MINUTE CHAT WITH THE CREW
AFTER MONTHS OF WORK AND TAKING TRAINS THE
'PHANTOM' IS TOWED OUT FOR ITS FIRST FLIGHT

HERE IS A VIEW OF THE PHANTOM OUT ON THE ROLLING
FIELD JUST BEFORE TAKING ON FUEL. NOTICE THE
SWIFT-BACK WINGS AND TRAIL SURFACE AND THE
STREAMLINED LONG-JUXTA FUEL TANKS ON THE WIND-
TIPS. THEMAN TURNS ROUND THE COCKPIT AND
COURSES TO MY SADDLE-PASSED OVER THE ENGINE



The Ejection Seat

Fool in Case!

THE 'PHANTOM' IS
EQUIPPED WITH THE
LATE-TIME EJECTION
SEAT WHICH WILL SHOOT
DICK OUT OF THE
COCKPIT IN THE CASE
OF AN EMERGENCY!



THE PHANTOM IS A FAIRLY BIG AEROPLANE AND SHOTTE HEAVY AS FIGHTERS GO. SHE IS NOT AN INTERCEPTOR BUT HAS BEEN DESIGNED FOR LONG RANGE BOMBER ESCORT WORK. SHE IS ALSO SUITABLE FOR LIGHT BOMBING IN THIS ROLE THE FOUR CANNON IN THE WINGS CAN BE REMOVED AND BOMBS CARRIED ON HER INSTEAD. SHE IS LEAVING SUFFICIENT ARMAMENT TO ALLOW HER TO TAKE CARE OF HERSELF. HERE SHE IS BORN - PAINTED 'TOP RIGHT IS THE CRASH TENDER AND ON THE LEFT THE TRACTOR USED FOR TIMING THE 'PHANTOM' MAKES IT WAY BACK TO THE HANGAR

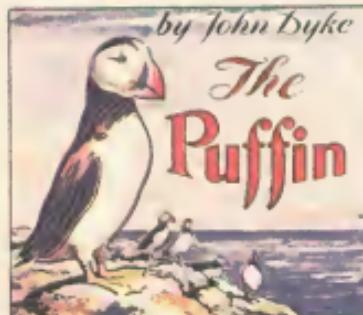
DICK SITS TENSELY IN THE COCKPIT OF THE
PHANTOM READY FOR THE TAKE-OFF!
TIME OF RESEARCH HAS SUSPENDED ON HIM
BUT HE ISN'T TOO BAD. DON'T MINE
NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE WHEN
CAPT NICHOLSON WILL DESCRIBE
THE FIRST AIRSHIP FLIGHT!



DISCOVERING THE COUNTRYSIDE

by John Dyke

The Puffin



PUFFINS SPEND THE WINTER
FAR OUT AT SEA, RIDING THE WAVES
IN LARGE SWATHES. THIS EXPLAINS
TO THE GREAT NUMBER ACT IN LATE
MARCH OR EARLY APRIL, ONE HUNDRED
TO EACH BURROW.



AFTER HATCHING THE CHICKS STAY IN
THE BURROWS ON THE ROCKS AND FEED
ON THE SMALL FISHES OF SWIMMING,
CAUGHT IN BY THE PARENTS, NEARLY
ABANDONED. SOON THEY TAKE AFTER A
FORTNIGHT OR SO THE PARENTS LOSE
INTEREST AND THE CHICKS LEFT IN THE
BURROW UNTIL IT CAN DRY OUT AND
FIND FOOD ITSELF.



BUT ARE THEY
VILE BURROWS? MANY OF THEM ARE
NOT. AND WHEN THE PUFFINS
FIRST ARRIVED HERE, IN THE
BREEDING SEASON, THE POOR
RABBITS WERE HOUNDED OUT OF
THEIR HOMES. THOSE PUFFINS
WERE VILE, BUT OUT OF
THEIR BREEDING SEASON
THE RABBIT MADE A BURROW
THEIR OWN.



EAGLE CLUB

AND EDITOR'S PAGE

5 May 1958

The Editor's Office
E.A.G.L.E.

43 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

Where now get the names of the hundred members whose applications for membership of the EAGLE CLUB were opened first on April 19th. Twenty-five of them - those living in the Midlands - are being taken, you remember, to Silverstone Grand Prix Races on May 13th. We have got seats for them near the pits and they are going to be introduced to the Italian team of drivers who are racing them. Here are the names of the lucky twenty-five.



Rita Bayor, Fenny Lane, New Merton, Oxford; Ronne Battersea, Merton-Battersea-on-Trent; John Pitt, Radford, Coventry; John Lancaster, Christon Lane, Kerslworth; John Michael Nugent, Bury St. Edmunds.

Trampangan,

Henry Howard Boycott, Liverpool Road, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Merle Tydell, Jack Carter, Old Whittington, Chesterfield; Robert Johnstone, Rad, Royton; John Grimmett, St. Georges Rd., Gt. Yarmouth; John Newson, Catherine Street, Luton; Norman Webster, Wellbeck Avenue, Bassetlaw; Guy Humphreys, St. Barnabas Road, Cheadle.

Richard Stevens, Mill Street, Cannock; Graham Rogers, Castle Hill, Peterborough; Trevor Chown, Wood Street, Newark; Kenneth Pitt, Wigmore Road, Ludlow; Thomas Michael Bransley, Balsall, N'W'house; Michael George Gill, Signdale Ave., Cleethorpes.

Pauline Weston, Ilfracombe Road, Tiverton; Robert Rea, Anna Causton, Birminghams; Roy Beckingham, Grange Park Road, Chapel-en-le-Frith.

Vicar Alan Taylor, North Street, Whitwell; David Davies, Oak Drive, Elllesmere; Anne Osborne, Mansour Road, Thornton.

The other three parties of twenty-five who are going to Farnborough Air Display, the Tux Match and the Highland Games will be announced nearer the time. We should like to make it quite clear that the members on the membership cards have nothing to do with the order in which the applications were received. Your membership number may be, for example, 36, but that doesn't mean that year was the 36th application opened.

PRESIDENT BRITAIN asks us to thank those readers who have written to him about his description of Radar in the first issue. They quite rightly point out that sound waves do travel at the same speed as light waves

Professor Britain apologises for his misleading statement. He knows, of course, that light is much faster than sound but he was talking about transmitted sound waves, i.e., radar waves the had just been demonstrating with a wireless set. Radio sound waves travel at the same speed as light.

We have also had a great many e-queries from readers who are interested in "Making Your Own Model Racing Car". They want to know where they can get the parts that have to be bought, and how much they cost. We shall be glad to send this information to anyone who writes and asks for it - but please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

There is one thing we especially ask all readers to do. There is a national shortage of copies of EAGLE. The demand has been so great that it is impossible for the time being to supply enough copies to satisfy everyone. We are doing our best to produce more copies but, unfortunately, will you please pass on your copy when you have read it to someone else who has not been able to get a copy.

We are very glad to be able to announce that this week the boy chosen as the Eagle Club's first MUG OF THE MONTH. We think you will agree he deserves the honour - but it was very difficult to decide between the names recommended to us.

We have elected several members to be MUGS and awarded them the special award badge to attach to their Eagle Badge. One is a boy who gave up a holiday on easy sailing job to go to work at a labour camp in Central Africa. Another is a boy who has volunteered to help build houses for the natives. A third is a girl who dashed into the road to pull a small boy from in front of an approaching bus and got her leg broken in doing it. Another is a boy who has lost his left arm for nearly a year, but instead of getting fed-up and doing nothing, is carrying on with his studies at best he can.

Of all the boys, the type of person you could meet and say: "You are a mug!" So you see the idea of being a MUG?

There are several other MUGS that we haven't room to tell you about now, but of these, we decided that John Chown soon deserved to be MUG OF THE MONTH. All the MUGS will have special privileges which will be announced from time to time. The member MUGS OF THE MONTH at the end of the year will be taken on a very exciting trip, about which we are keeping quiet for the time being.

Yours sincerely,
THE EDITOR

PROFESSOR BRITAIN asks us to thank those

MUG OF THE MONTH

JOHN CHOWN



At the age of 16, as he went home from looking at the Christmas Tree in Trafalgar Square, at 9 o'clock on a dark windy night, a woman rushed out of a house in Paddington and screamed shrilly, "Stop! Thief!" Immediately John Chown saw the figures of two men making off. He gave chase, caught up with the slower of the two men and tackled him. In a fight, the man ran away on his bicycle. John Chown was stabbed in the chest and back, both men made their escape, but John Chown was later able to give the police their description, and they were caught and tried at the Old Bailey. John got a five year prison sentence, and the other 2 years imprisonment

John Chown was awarded the Silver Cross by the Scouts and Guide Leader; his ambition is to go into chemical research. The Scouts awarded him the Silver Cross. He is studying for the Higher Certificate, afterwards he is expecting to do his National Service.

COMPETITION CORNER

1. A CARD TRICK. Here's a card trick that anyone can do without any "sleight of hand". You arrange the 13 cards of one suit in a certain order, and hold them on your hand, face downwards. Then you begin to spell out the names of the cards (Ace, Two, Three, etc.) in the following way. You put the top card at the bottom, saying "A", then the next card, saying "B", then the next, saying "C", and so on. Turn the next card face upwards on the table, saying "spells ACE", and let it be the Ace! Then you go on in the same way, with T, W, G, spells TWO, and so on. The 13 is discarded. Then you proceed with THREE, and so on, until you are left with the KING. It looks most impressive! The only thing is, I haven't told you what order to arrange the cards in the first place! Suppose you work it out? (You will get a slightly different result according to whether you speak of a KNAVE or a JACK.)

2. Q U I Z (1) How much of an iceberg above water? (2) What planet is nearest the sun? (3) Is it true that there are no poisonous snakes in Britain? (4) How can you tell which is the right bank of a river? (5) What fruit has its seeds outside? (6) Which would fit a coat more quickly - two one-inch pins, or one two-inch?

3. TRADES AND OCCUPATIONS

Can you solve them? Add a group of letters to one of the pictures.

A prize of a 1958 National Savings Certificate offered for the first correct answers opened on May 10th. Send your answer to EAGLE, 43 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4, and mark the envelope "competition".



ANSWERS.

1. (1) The answer is 10% of the total weight of the iceberg. (2) The answer is 10% of the total weight of the iceberg. (3) No, because the British Isles are the only part of Europe where there are no venomous snakes. (4) The right bank of a river is the side towards the sun. (5) An apple. (6) Two one-inch pins.

3. (1) The answer is 10%. (2) The answer is 10% of the total weight of the iceberg. (3) No, because the British Isles are the only part of Europe where there are no venomous snakes. (4) The right bank of a river is the side towards the sun. (5) An apple. (6) Two one-inch pins.

CHICKO

by thelwell



ANSWER

As Comptine in EAGLE No. 1

The winner of the PICTURE CROSSWORD, who sent in the first correct solution, is Edward April 26th, 1, Jarrow, 33 Cobden Avenue, Peterborough. A prize of £10 is being sent to him. The correct answer was: Ewebank, Animals, Rapwort, Swallow, Lapwing, Dogfish, Harwich.

In the short competition for which we asked you to send in a Strip-Comptine Story, we have had so many entries that it is quite impossible to announce the name of the winner this week. We shall try to do so next week. Meanwhile thank you all for your suggestions.

Lash Lonergan's Quest

By MOORE RAYMOND

The story so far

Lash Lonergan, Australia's champion roughnecks and bushranger expert, is on his way home to Condobolin Creek, a five-mountain state station owned by the late Uncle Peter, his mother, Mrs. Hester O'Boyle, his brother, Rawhade, and Squid, a wild white horse rescued from the cruel owner of a Sydney thoroughbred.

On the way home, Lash is informed by Squid, a friendly aborigine, that his Uncle has been found dead in his tent and a police constable is at the scene. Uncle Peter's death is the result of a severe heart attack, but Squid reveals Condobolin Creek Station, owned by Dago Musterer, has taken the place over, claiming that Uncle Peter made him his will.

Knowing that his uncle left him the property as his will, Lash takes the name of Peter and becomes a Warragul ranger, the mountain, McPherson. An outcast under the township at midnight. The bush is on fire, and into a gully of fire the rangers - led by a grotesque, hunched "bushranger known as the Headless" - the leader, Rawhade, and Lash - the newest member of the crew - come. Uncle Peter's will.

Squid secretly tells Lash that the Headless, his best mate in Ophirtown, the shear champion up to date, has been tortured. In one of their campfires last night, the men heard the groans of the condemned. Uncle Peter's will does not mention them. They are surprised by Dago Musterer and Grassy Joe. There follows a fight in which Lash is injured and Rawhade is a shaper of his fist. Squid arrives to save the condemned with a well-aimed shot, and the rangers are forced to scatter.

During the search for Uncle Peter, Lash is discovered to be one of the experts at Ophirtown next day.



"Of course," agreed Lash. "For a pity I forgot you used to be on a census."

"My uncle taught me sharp-shooter," grizzled Squid. As if to provide him with another target for demonstration two boulders flew over, with outstretched necks and slender, reaching arms.

The boy stopped the gun and poked the sugar Choclit. "It's empty," he said rapidly.

"Now you're gone and need us all our ammunition," said Lash. "No kangaroo-rod stow thought for you. I'm afraid but I don't really mind, because I'm always between us both the hairy brumbies and a loaded gun about."

Rawhade chuckled and fumbled in his pocket. "I took the liberty of extracting" the rent of Grassy Joe's annihilation before knew him goodness." He headed out a handful and rolled them on the ground.

Lash laughed and said: "Not do a get. And don't come back without a dangerous, all stonered and ready for the pot."

Now the gunner had loaded long enough. Pot glorified on the surface of the waste. Lash accepted it off with a spasm and put it in a map about."

"Clemons out," he explained to the boy. "It's an old also cure for all sorts of aches and sprains. Bushmen used by it, and they say it will even penetrate glass! Well, I know it does wonders for injuries like mine, so we're going to take turns massaging my knee till I can use it properly again."

By the time Rawhade returned with the Bungarang oil and a third galah Lash was already feeling much better. After chopping up the tail and putting it on to cook, the Irishman took a nap at massage. Lash declared that the oil was making a tremendous cure.

"Let the fust be prepared!" he cried again as he got to his feet and walked across to Musterer who hardly a lone. Setting one of the many black-bladed bars in his horse's bit-saddles and, he carefully pulled it out.

"Well, I reckon," he said, "you're bound to make your home?" he added Rawhade. "At these hours one laughs."

"We're going to have a feast in honour of young Squid," announced Lash. "There's crochys on the waterhole. And there's kangaroos not far away, I'll bet."

"And," promised rawhade, "there's galah galavants' as that tree put over there. Galah galah! Oh, the taste of it! Squid, hand me that gun."

The boy picked up the rifle, jerked it to his shoulder, and fired. A galah tumbled from a branch of the bluegum tree as the ran took flight.

Before the astonished eyes of Lash and Rawhade, the bird fired again - the time at a bird on the wing. The galah somersaulted in the air and dropped like a stone.

"So sorry I didn't have time to get one each," said Squid breathlessly.

"The circuit," said Rawhade.

"I - I give up!" he gasped.

Rawhade whipped away the hair and bawled the horse to his fist. "None got on with your crochys?" he cried. "And don't forget you owe me a pair of galah feathers."

Rubbing the top navel of blood from his nose and regarding it with many eyes, Squid looked so downcast that Lash slapped him on the shoulder and chucked. "Never mind, cubber. Every lad in the bush has that trick played on his soocers or later. Here's a free one with some bat on it. Hand out those crochys."

Squid proved to be a sure skilled crochyer than the other two. Carefully hauling at the bat with the crochys clinging to it, he waited till a whistler broke the surface before grabbing at the chosen creature. He never once missed - while both Lash and Rawhade let several get away. Praised by the others for his stuff, Squid soon recovered his high spirits.

It was a wonderful feast, in the cool of the evening, by the side of the waterhole where the parrots and budgerigars and other birds came down to drink; the three hungry comrades ate one of the most delicious meals of their lives.

First came the crochys, baked by the little, bright embers of a sandalwood fire.

Then the galahs, grilled on strumps held over the same fire.

Finally, the kangaroo-tail mors, as rich flavour mingling with the taste of boiled beans and a couple of the onions Rawhade always carried in his rucksack.

It was all washed down with belly tea made from the open fire - the tea that all Australians declare is the best in the world.

The four sat, they lounged on the purple dusk and yawned away the chill of the Southern Cross. Coming home, back over the mors. It was an exercise of such physical control, so combined with the happiness of true comradeship, that Lash Lonergan almost forgot the duties and dangers that awaited him on the morrow.

Early, Rawhade and Squid were jiggling along the road to Ophirtown when the Irishman said to the nothipper:

"Of course, it's none of me business, and I wouldn't wish to you think I was been' responsible - and o' course if you don't want to tell me you ain't, but..."

"Get with it!" laughed Lash.

"Well, me-organize boy, what's your plan for the future?"

"First, I've got to wa every cent I enter at the sports today. When Dago lached out of this district?"

"I've got to be man now," replied Rawhade. "He wants you to come a gather today so's the Champions of Chappoos will look ridiculous at a little outback sports meeting."

"Go to the top of the chaz," grinned the roughrider. "Dago wants to drive me away so that I won't hang around trying to get back the property that's rightly mine. He'll try every dirty trick in his collection. I'm warning both of you that every time we go into a fight with Dago and his mob, we're running grave risks. They'll use gun and knife and any other weapon, and they'll make the issue it self-dissolve."

"But how are you going to prove Cooabulah Creek Station belongs to you?" asked Squid.

"Uncle Peir's strength wasn't among that lot, he found out," replied Lash. "And the Headless, though still have it. And that because the will might still be in existence. Why did he break crochys and leave behind the other roughrider and run Uncle Peir's? I don't know. But I'm going after her bit-saddler and I'm going to find out. Besides, there's the reward. Even if I don't find the will, I'll get the reward and have plenty of money to fight Dago Musterer in court."

"The law!" exclaimed Rawhade scornfully. "I'd like to take the law into my own hands and square the muth out of that."

Chapter 4



"But the last thing I want to do is to go to war to the last, cut in Lash." "I'll fight Dago Messier man to man," said "The Hunchback," too.

Rawhicle hauled at the ring of his horse, grabbed the battered instrument, and sang as strong as he sang.

"Oh, we'll have those dandies man to man, believe me, that's so fit."

"Ooh, we'll get those robbers!" say the three drunken cobbers.

Rawhicle, Lash, and Squab."

He chuckled and said, "Now isn't I had to put myself first, Lash, but it was for the sake of the poetry of the beautiful old line. Now, mates, all together!"

So they rode singing and laughing into Dorowidge.

The little settlement was crowded. Every single person in town was making a great day of the annual sports meet. From the surrounding sheep and cattle ranches, owners, shepherds, overseers, boundary riders, roustabouts, and everyone else in the district who could rule or drive to Dorowidge.

Many aborigines had come from the various black camps in the neighbourhood. Lash looked rather at every dark face, hoping he might see his friend Moosey.

The only black face he recognized was that of Yabbithorn, the huge and ugly aborigine whom Messier had claimed to be one of those he had found Uncle Peter's body up in the hills. He recalled how Yabbithorn had lied and said that no aborigine had been found in the dead man's hand. The aborigine remembered him, too, when he saw Lash he scowled and stalked away.

"It's Lash Longspur!"

"Hullo, Lash! You're the Champion of Champions!"

So the comments flew as the two rode across the sunlit towards the sports ground. Everybody knew the uses of Lash's brawniest by his uncle had been refused to ride. Chuckle, the clearest name. Everybody also knew of Lash's successful career and his

return to Coalhead Creek to find Dago Messier is possessed.

More exciting still, they knew that Messier and his men were there to compete in the sports. Would there be a clash between Lash Longspur and Dago Messier? So the tongues wagged as the two rode down the street.

On arrival at the sports ground, the three comrades dismounted.

"Lub!" greeted Lash as he swung out of the saddle. They turned imperiously. "Just a twinge," he added. "Must have got a bit stiff."

But Rawhicle and Squab, watching him limp across to the rewards' leg, saw that all was not well with Lash's leg, despite the gossips of and their friend's assurance.

Suddenly they heard a burst of chatter excited talk that swelled into a low roar of excitement.

"The Hunchback." The Hunchback.

"Over and over again they heard the name of the bushranger. Obviously some news had started the crowd.

Lash was in the awards' seat, awaiting for various events, when the mounted policeman in charge of Dorowidge came bursting in.

"Look at that!" he shouted to the standards all leaders of the little community as they sat around their table. "Look at that for chutz! I just found it posted to my verandah post!"

They all stared at a scrap of paper on which was scrawled in big letters: "The Hunchback is a spouting cow, so expect him at your sports."

Soops the whole place was seething with excitement, and for a time nobody bothered to look at the sports.

"You're really think," said Rawhicle, to Lash, "that fibbergutten" bushranger, and his mob would come galloping along at broad daylight and try to bulldoze all up?"

"Of course not," snorted the roughrider. "He's up to some dandy trick-or-other. That's all if he comes at all."

"Do you mean to say," put in Squab, "that

the Hunchback's gone and sent that message just for a joke?"

"It might be a hoax," replied Lash. "Some lad like you might have stuck that note up on the sergeant's verandah post."

But Sergeant Cleaver was taking no chances. He phoned Sergeant Snod, of Yarraville, and got him to hurry over as soon as possible.

Yet he believed that the message must be a joke spread through the crowd. Nobody believed that The Hunchback would be crazy enough to give warning of a visit, especially with such a strong enemy force ready to capture him.

"A thousand pounds!" Rawhicle kept on saying. "A thousand up-and-downs pounds! That's the reward they're offering now for that marksmen, bloodthirsty, bushranger. To think that my son could be worth so much. Now, what would I do with the dough?"

The Irritorman's ruminations were cut short by the announcement that the lorry truck was about to start. Rawhicle and Squab jostled for places on the edge of the ground in order to see Lash disappear.

"I reckon his knee ain't too good," commented the boy.

"I reckon your reckoning is right," sighed Rawhicle. "But that young sonnoper won't give up all the cows come home."

"Baa!" went the starting pistol.

With superb skill combining balance and agility of both man and horse - each rider and mount swayed steadily in and out of the upright poles without touching one of them. "Lash! Lash! Lash!" cried Rawhicle and Squab.

Nearby spectators, seeing that Lash and Rawhicle were in the lead, took up the cry of "Lash! Lash! Lash!"

The rest of the participants of the mathematical contest the roundrobin caused him to lose the winning post.

Lash flushed his gay smile as he rode from the field. But pale and slightly deflated the brightness of his eyes when he reached his cobbers.

"Your liver's crook again," assured Rawhicle in anxious tones.

"Just a skirmish," grunted Lash. "By the

way, have you seen Dago Messier above?"

"As far as I'm aware, his spurs are still intact. Dago went riding with Goliath and others to the Coalhead Creek instead."

Goliath Joe turning his double chin, called to Rawhicle. "We've got a little surprise for your cobber that arvo. How-haw-haw!"



"Here's your gun back!" cried Rawhicle, reaching up the rifle he had captured from the fat man the day before. He hoisted it straight at Goliath Joe.

The stockholder caught the gun with difficulty, brushing his pudgy fingers. He helped and carried it as he rode on under his red cap.

Squab asked, "What's he gabber about?"

"What's he gabber about?"

"A surprise," stated Lash, "in only a surprise as long as you don't know what it's going to be. So let's wait and see."

(To be continued)

Announcing the new Table Game which has been generally requested by all Subbuteo "Table Soccer" owners

THE HIT OF THE CENTURY!

The NEW Companion Game to

SUBBUTEO TABLE SOCCER

NOW AVAILABLE! SUBBUTEO Regd.

'TABLE CRICKET'

The Replica of Test and County Cricket

Played with teams of miniature men, ball and wickets with bats. Over-arm bowling, double wickets, and all the "wots" such as clean bowled, stumped, caught, etc. Googlies, bounces and even body-line bowling. Has for use, four, and odd men. HERE IS A CRICKET GAME BASED ON SUBBUTEO. "TABLE SOCCER" PRINCIPLES WHERE ALL THE FINEST OF THE GREAT SUMMER GAME IS AT LAST OBTAINED.

Be the first on the field in readiness for the forthcoming Cricket Season.

Send stamp for full details and order form to

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Send the coupon. It will not cost you anything. It may lead to great things.

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Post free in U.S. and C.I.T. Please send stamp of P.A. Adolph.

So may you, one day. If you are chosen to be an R.A.F. Apprentice you will be trained for a skilled trade, and continue your general education. You will have far more opportunities for sport than most boys. You will be well fed and cared for, and receive good pocket money. And you may end up not only with a commission but with a flying commission.



ROB CONWAY IN SEARCH OF A SECRET CITY

NEXT MORNING THE MAJOR,
TIM AND ROB ARE ALL SET
TO BEGIN THEIR JOURNEY
IN SEARCH OF THE
SECRET CITY

YOU'VE BROUGHT US
LUCK ROLL, DROWN A
CLOUD IN THE SKY
BEDAO!

HERE THEY COME - NO! PUT THAT GUN AWAY YOU FOOL, I'LL HANDLE THIS!

Harold Johnson

RIGHT CHAPS STOW
YOUR KIT AND WE'LL
GET CRACKING!

WELL HERE WE ARE ON
OUR WAY AT LAST IN
SPITE OF THOSE CROOKS

STICK YOUR HAND OUT
AND WE TURN LEFT
HERE!

**GOOD! NOW'S OUR
CHANCE THEY'RE
TAKING THE COAST
ROAD**

NOW WE CAN RELAX AND
ENJOY OURSELVES, WE'RE NOT
DUE AT THE AIRPORT
UNTIL 3 O'CLOCK

SIR! THAT CAR IS FOLLOWING US!
I WAS OUTSIDE THE FLAT WHEN WE LEFT

BY GEORGE YOU'RE RIGHT!
PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN Tim
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK
OF THIS!

NOW MY FRIEND WATCH THIS CLOSELY—YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE A MOST REGRETTABLE "ACCIDENT" //

FASTER TIM FASTER!
THEY'RE COMING UP ON US

CAN'T BE DONE MAJOR
THE OLD BUS JUST
WON'T TAKE IT

**HOLD TIGHT AND PONY
CHAPS—HERE THEY COME!**

Walls
ICE CREAM

Presents

TOMMY WALLS

The Wonder Boy



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM CHAPS - BOBBY, RIP BACK TO THE BIKE FOR OUR FISHING LINES - GINGER - YOU CUT ACROSS UNDER THE BRIDGE.



BOBBY PLANS AN APPROACH UP THE AVOCADO LINE.
THAT EXPRESS IS HEADED FOR DISASTER.
— UNLESS — I HAVE A PLAN, BUT I'LL NEED THE EXTRA ENERGY IN THAT WALLS I HAD THIS AFTERNOON. AND ----- THE HELP OF THE MAGIC "W" SON.



IN A DETECTIVE
— I KNOW THESE MEN



NOT FORGETTING WALLS AND THE MAGIC "W"

THE GREAT ADVENTURER

LISTEN, RUTH — WE HAVE SOME VERY
IMPORTANT NEWS — BEND CLOSER
SO THE GUARD WON'T HEAR!

— JERUSALEM —
1900 YEARS AGO.
IN THE PRISON COURTYARD,
RUTH (ANNE KENNEDY CHRISTIANA)
IS TAKING FOOD TO THE NAZARENES
IN THE CELLS.

SAUL OF TARSUS IS GOING TO
PERSECUTE THE NAZARENES
THERE

YOU MUST TELL
PETER TONIGHT TO
TRY AND GET WORD
TO THEM

SO IT'S DAMASCUS NOW.
IS IT? WELL SEND A
WARNING BY THE NEXT
CARAVAN.

THERE WON'T BE TIME, PETER
HE'S LEAVING IN THE MORNING
AND WILL BE RIDING HARD —
YOU KNOW SAUL — HE'LL BE USING
THE BEST HORSES WE CAN
FIND!

HE WON'T HAVE
ONE AS GOOD AS
MY FARAS

YOU'RE RIGHT
BARNABAS — FARAS
IS A FINE HORSE
AND THE ROMAN
GUARDS AT THE
DAMASCUS GATE
ARE USED TO SEEING
ME RIDE IN AND
OUT

I'M PRETTY SURE I
CAN GET THROUGH
WITHOUT A PASS

BUT SUPPOSE YOU
RUN INTO SAUL? HE
KNOWS YOU — YOU
WERE BOYS
TOGETHER

I WON'T BUMP INTO MASTER
SAUL I'LL TAKE THE EASTERN
ROAD THROUGH JERICHO

NEXT MORNING

KEEP YOUR
EYES OPEN
BARNABAS —
THAT JERICHO
ROAD IS THICK
WITH
BANDITS

CONTINUED